THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

George R. Graham & Co. Publishers.

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A Family Newspaper: Neutral in Politics: Devoted to News, Literature, Science, Morality, Agriculture, and Amusement.

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Original Poetry.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post

Lines.

BY J. LAMBERT.

A bird has gone from out the bowers,
A leaf from off the tree,
And vanished from the treasured hours
An answering melody;
A rose has faded from the lawn
That gilded lady's young chin,
A cream from thy dark cheek has drawn
Where all was bright and gay.

A star has wandered from the spot
That time had made its own;
Some kindly matter has been forgot,
An offering wiped the throne;
A flower gas withered by my side,
Now gone to rest in the earth—
A vow was trembled by roaring pride
Scarce uttered to its birth

Fond hearts were severed by a word
Linked souls by lingering doubt—
And love that most seem anchored
Was severed by a breath.
The hopes to which a life had clung
Were blighted in an hour—
Some cloud of memory's hazy contrary
Was that of thi-tarnished power.

A bright ear morning from the trench,
A note in beauty's song
A wild rose from the summer plain,
Some glad step from the throng
A welcome smile from those we prize
When care sits on the brow
A glance from one those love'st eyes,
Are missing from me now

A place upon that memory's shrine,
As in once in eirce that's gone—
A thought that hopes can ne'er be mine,
Some ray whose clouds o'ercast
A wish when absent from the council
In silence and alone—
When those the gifted and the proud,
All, all have left me here them.

Some token of those devanning hours
That spring to life as one—
As dulcet tones or choral chimes
Or song, lord's monthly,
A record of the happy purpose
In its deep forth to be—
The tablet of its smiles and cares
Shall be forgot me there

Philadelphia, 1841.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post

Sunday's Day.

BY J. C. FORTESCUE.

Sweet is the day of rest
That hails Redeem's morn
No more he view opprest
We laugh on our sorg
And feel, while nature paints the skies,
New hopes and new desires rise
Who does not joy to find
From worldly cookies free
To meet where heavenly incense
And bow with them the knee
Who does not joy to meet
To the Sovereign Ruler nigh
Oh! he the Sabbath day
Sacred throughout all time
Situates and States obey
The church bell's soothing chime
Twill cheer the dying hour to know
They have help in God or war
Philada. 1841

Written for the Saturday Evening Post

Written at Parting.

I know'st the word is spoken,
The spoken word to part
The tie remains unbroken,
It lingers near my heart
And dwells within my memory,
And with my spirit too;
And more are all my thoughts of thee
As not my absence be
Farewell, I was never spoken
By me with more regret
Than pained the lingering token
Reminds me of thee yet
The vine cannot bear fairer fruit
Than that which remembered yet
Jersey Shore, Pa. 1841

Original Tales.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post

A Succession of Sundays.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

"You hard-hearted, slander-loaded, obstinate, rusty, crusty, musty, fusty old savage!" said I, on leaving, one afternoon, my grand uncle Rumgudgeon—looking me not fat or him in consideration.

Only in consideration. The fact is that never trivial disrespect did exist between myself and my uncle—and what I had not the courage to say—between what I did and what I had had a mind to do.

The old person, as I observed the closing door, down was sitting with his feet up on the fender, and a barrage of Port in his pate, making strenuous efforts to accomplish the duty.

Remain his very mode.

"You are too much provoked."

"My dear uncle," said I, closing the door gently, and approaching him with the blandest of smiles—"you are always so very kind and considerate, and have evinced your benevolence in so many—many ways—that—that I feel I have only to suggest this little point to you once more to induce you to—to fall in with it spontaneously."

"Hem!" and here—good lady—hugs on?"

"I am sure, my dearest uncle, (you condescended old rascal,) that you have no strange ready, seriously to oppose my union with Kate. This is merely a joke of yours, I know—ha! ha! ha!—how very pleasant you are at times.

"Ha! ha! ha!" said he—"came you?—sure?"

"Of course, I dare say—very jocking. Now, uncle, all that Kate and myself want at present, is that you would oblige us with your advice—you are so very competent to advise us, uncle—and—and our regards the time, you know, to elope—that is to say, to have our nuptial ceremony performed in a quiet unpretending manner, you know, in short when will it most be convenient for yourself that the wedding shall—shall—come off? you know?"

"Can't you remember—what do you mean by that? Better wait till you're dead, you dog, you!"

"Ha! ha! ha!—ha! ha! ha!—ha! ha! ha!—ha! ha! ha!—ha! ha!—oh, that's good!—oh, that's capital!—actually capital! Ha! ha! ha!—ha! ha! ha! you know, uncle, is that you would indicate the time exactly?"

"Exactly!"

"Yes, uncle—that is, if it would be quite agreeable to yourself."

"Wouldn't it answer, Bobby, if I were to leave it at random—sometime Within a year or so, for example—can't you precisely—"

"If you please, uncle—precisely."

"Well then Bobby my boy—you're a fine fellow aren't you?—must you will have the exact time I find—I'll oblige you for once.

"Dear uncle!"

"Hands, sir!—I'll oblige you for once. You shall have my consent—and the plum, Bobby, we mustn't forget the plum—let me see, now, when shall it be? To-day's Sunday—isn't it? Well then, I have it. You shall be married positively—yes, now mind! exactly three Sundays from the succession. Do you hear me, sir?—what are you gaping at?—I say you shall have Kate (and the plum) when three Sundays come in succession—but not till after. I'll be d—d if you sha'n't know sooner—for a week of my soul—soon be off."

Here he swallowed his tumbler of Port, while I rushed from the room in despair.

A very "fine old English gentleman" was my granduncle Rumgudgeon; but, unlike him of the song, he had his weak points. He was a little, pursy, pompous, apoplectic, irritable old martinet, with a red nose, a thick wool, a long purse, and a strong sense of his own consequence. With the best heart in the world, he contrived to earn for himself, among those who only knew him superficially, the character of a curmudgeon, merely through a predominant whim of constantly asserting the many excellent people, he seemed possessed by a spirit of fanatical contradiction which might easily, at times, have been mistaken for malevolence. To every request a positive "No" was his immediate answer; but in the end—in the long, long end—these were exceedingly few requests which he refused. Against all attacks upon his purse he made the most stanch defence; but the amount extorted from him at last, was usually in direct ratio with the length of the siege and the stubbornness of the assailants. In charity, no one gave more liberally, or more worse grace.

For the fine arts, and especially for the belles lettres he entertained a profound contempt. With the last he had been required by Cousins Peter, whose poet little query —or quiz on poets *entre nous* he was in the habit of quoting with a very distressing pertinacity—to fall in love before of legal wit. Thus cut unto inkling for the Muses excited his entire displeasure. He asserted over and over, when I had seized him for a new train of Horace, that the trumpings of "*Pectus maravilae non fit*" was "a nasty poet for talking fit"—and, indeed, whatever I might say, serious dudgeon. His repugnance to "the humanities" had, also, been much increased, of late, by an accidental hint in favor of what he supposed to be common sense. Somebody had scrawled lines in the street, mistaking him for an inn or a passenger than Doctor Dodsbie L. Doe, the notorious quack corn-cure physician. He had seen the paragraph, and just to the epoch of that story—the story is growing to be utter all—very grand uncle Rumgudgeon was accessible and gentle only upon points which happened to chime in with the capricious of the hobby he was riding. For the rest he laughed with his sister aged legs, and his policies were stubborn and easily understood. His thought, with Horsley, that—the people had nothing to do with the laws but to obey them.

I had loved with the old gentleman all my life. My parents had bequeathed me, for him, a much larger, as dying. I believed the old villain loved me as he was child—nearly if not quite as well as he loved Kate—but it was a fact that he let me know very little of it, and my first year under my fifth he obliged me with very regular floggings. From five to fifteen he threatened me nearly as often as I could remember. From fifteen to twenty not a day passed on which he did not swear a round oath that he would cut me off with a shilling—that was a real joy, if he could put it into a part of my cutting—a point of my fault. In Kate I had, however, a firm friend. Dear girl! She was a good girl, and told me very sweetly that I might have her pinch and all, whenever I could indulge my grand-uncle's Rumgudgeon's whim to the extent of leaving me his money. Kate was very prudent, and, without this consent, her little account in the funds would not be come-at-able until the aforementioned whim should be satisfied. Some laughing saying! What, then, to do? At fifteen, or even at twenty, the love of the full luxuries of life is not very power to prompt one to go much the same for—four-and-twenty. In truth we besieged the old gentleman with importunities, and he fulfilled his promise to a point. Kate's life and Curious would say, which united his pecuniary favor to her—I. It would have stirred the religious feelings of a anchorite to see which like and would be behaved to each other little noise. In his heart he loved us both—I have never doubted that—and on occasion. He had made up his mind to the all along. In fact, he would have given ten thousand pounds him to have seen us married with the best will in the world, but he have discovered a necessity any thing like a decent excuse for complying with our very natural wishes. But then we had been a long time engaged, and were fond of sometimes. Not to oppose at under such circumstances I do not see what could be the good of—but I will give a consistent, old-world Rumgudgeon.

I have said already that he had two weak points; but in speaking of them I have not exhausted so much relating to his eccentricity. That was one of his strong points of—entertainment—it is—but *par se fiable*. When I mentioned—it is—that I had allowed him to be a fine old-world old-school gentleman, I had almost to a fault. I believe all—nearly all—of his habits of thought were of a fashion long past, and lost, in the course of my remember. His manners were invariably punctilious, too, upon small points of honor, although sufficiently loose in regard to the more. He was—in point of fact—a total, beyond doubt, but it was after his own fashion, to

Keep the word of promise to the ear
And break it to the hope.

was, in fact, one of his hobbies. The spirit of his vows he made no struggle of setting at nought—but the *letter* of his word was a bond inviolable. Now it was this latter—the letter—which I had to do with, for I had not the slightest intention of—to give the full equivalence.

Uncle.—And so, Captain Pratt, you have been absent from London a whole year—you condescended old rascal! That you have no strange ready, seriously to oppose my union with Kate. This is merely a joke of yours, I know—ha! ha! ha!—how very pleasant you are at times.

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SUNDAY POST.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY
GEORGE R. GRAHAM & CO.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27.

Weapons are similar to a large number of the ordnance here at the Post, for the very handsome manner in which numerous favors have been made to us, for some time past, and for the kindness of the feeling in which they have been made. We shall endeavor on our part to do justice to them in turn.

A word to those still in arrears. We shall be most obliged for a speedy settlement, as the volume is now opened, and we wish to be accommodated by hard-headers. Let the accounts all be settled up, and we will take a *fair* start together, and see who shall first tire in the race. *We shall continue* to issue a splendid paper.

☞ Mr. James R. Smith and M. Meeker, will assist our Travelling Agent, C. W. Jones, in Western Collections. Mr. *James* office and residence, is on Hartford street, east of Broadway, Cottonport.

☞ A. R. Harris, Esq. has been appointed Agent for the Post and Magazine, via J. R. Tucker, Esq. re-signed.

The Post.

How rapidly the seasons come and go! Spring with its flowers, summer with its heats, and autumn with its golden fruits, have all followed each other in their quick succession, that it seems but yesterday since we left the warm bosoms of May, or ushered at noon-day in July under some overshadowing tree. But they have gone. And now as we look out of our windows we see the snow whitening the house-tops, we hear the wind moaning along the streets, we mark the fire glowing from colored brought full of whirling clouds, and as the icy blast rattles the casements, we feel that the dreariness and fret that winter is at hand. From the bleak hills of Labrador—from the wild lakes far away to the north—from the plains of the Esquimaux covered with eternal snow, he comes, bringing privation, anguish and death in his rear. Whose old already o'er dawn, the poor are all around us, and God knows a bitter, bitter lot will be theirs! Perhaps even as we write, with our shivering fires blazing bright in the grate, and our hands against all shine giving. But the true course is to seek out those these really in want, and into the warmer out beauty in fruitful places. To effect this, those who have the means should not struggle to visit personally the dwellings of the poor; while those who cannot find leisure for this good work should rest be ready with their mite, where alone worthy of their bounty, are brought before them. To this persons the Union Benevolent Association is a vehicle for dispensing their offerings beyond all price. The Institution is now of several years standing, and the good it has done is undeniable. Are its patrons weak for the work of the ensuing winter?

But whether in Philadelphia or in other cities, whether in town or out of it, we hope that the poor will not be forgotten, and that when the season comes bowl around it we may all of us enter heartily into the consciousness of having given according to our means.

Irregularity of the Mails.

We are constantly in the receipt of complaints from subscribers respecting the irregularity with which they receive their papers. So far as we are concerned we can say that every subscriber has his paper regularly and promptly mailed to him, and that if there is any non-carriage the fault lies in the irregularity of the mails. Indeed this evil has grown so enormous that complaints constantly reach us from all quarters respecting it. Where the fault lies, however, it is impossible to tell. We are satisfied that the Post Office in this place regularly discharges its duty—we are proud, moreover, to bear testimony to the solicitude of its officers. But that less attention is paid in other places to the regular forwarding of newspapers, we have ample reason to believe. Only a month ago, we could specify the particular routes where the system. Bundles of papers have been broken more than once, rifled of part of their contents, and then sent on. In other cases the papers are detained until they become stale, and finally reach their owners a week after the time, soiled, torn, and then defaced. Shall these things be borne?

We know what importance is attached, especially in an inland country town, to the regular arrival of the daily or even weekly journal. We can recollect the anxiety with which, when approaching for a space before the summer in some quiet nook far off in the country, we used to grasp the newly arrived paper to devour its contents—and then learn something of the outer world from which we were separated for the time, and we can well imagine for others, even though constantly residing in such secluded spots, may await the appearance of their weekly paper and devour it when it does come, with equal eagerness. We can also imagine the disappointment at its non-appearance. We well recollect, one day last summer, while residing in the country, that the stage stopped at a little village—instantly a dozen and more persons crowded around to get their "Packet." One man alone was disappointed. From some miscarriage or other his paper had not come, and we never shall forget how he stamped and cursed around the stage, exclaiming in all sorts of pantaloons, and nothing he said had the ——— editor there to pull him limb from limb. We were highly recognized at the time by the circumstance of having given according to our means.

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So much for one instance of the irregularity of the mails. We can tell another which happened last summer to ourselves. It was the week when the steamship was expected, and to be sure we knew that the foreign magazines would come out, we were eager for late arrival in time to give our subscribers some of the good things the steamship would bring. The time for foreign arrivals came—no magazines arrived. What could we do? We could neither beg, buy, nor steal the article—and so, after fretting ourselves into the turbigest stage of a bilious fever, we put our paper to press. The next day—the very next day—in John Jones would say—their magazines came to hand. Some time-eyed, dandy-headed, post-rascal clerk in the Boston Post Office, had put them in the Portland mail, and they had gone on a wild goose chase to Maine, when they should have been obtaining their "Packet."

There are but creatures of a thousand. They devastate but one, out of a hundred accidents by which the mails are met. Many of these may be avoided, many of the irregularities of which we complain, ought to be mended; and that readily; but that the evil can be wholly ripped the air out yet seems enough to hope. For our part, we are used to such mishaps. We once saw a cow lost in every thing in the mail of a letter one day, and on another day a letter was lost in a cow. Last summer, one of our carriers, in case of a disappointment in not receiving letters or papers. We may, as a result of 1995, have some facts which will throw a little illumination on the subject of the mails.

The Tower of London.

The extensive conflagration, which has visited the Tower of London will naturally call attention to that old and historical fortress of the English Kings. To gratify the curiosity of our readers, we will give a short history of this interesting building, as well as a description of its appearance.

The Tower is situated on the north bank of the river Thames, at the lower extremity of the city, adjoining St. Katherine's Docks, and to the east of London Bridge. The Tower is not one continuous building, but consists of several towers and buildings, erected at different periods, and enclosed by strong walls within an area of 12 acres and 3 roods. Outside the walls is a wide ditch, 140 feet in length, which is semicircular in the rear and parallel on the flanks. Current the remainder at intervals round the walls, and communicated every avenue to Tower Hill, on part of which the Tower is situated. There is a platform along the front of the buildings on the Thames, and on the north side of the Tower is an arch, running across from the river, called the Traitor's Gate, through which state prisoners were formerly brought into it.

The principal entrance is on the west, and is wide enough to admit a carriage. This entrance has two gates on the inside of the Bridge-over stone bridge over the moat and a strong gate within. These gates are opened and shut with great ceremony, a person-porter, with a guard, and six corporals of the guard being employed in performing this service daily, and at night the keys are deposited in the governor's house. Near the Traitor's Gate is the *Bloody Tower*, in which Edward the 5th and his brother are said to have been smothered, by order of Richard the 3d, in 1483. The principal entrance is by the White Tower, the Church of St. Peter, Old Mint, Record Office, Horse Armory, the Grand Storehouse, in which is the Jewel Office, and the Small Armory, erected from 500,000 to 150,000 stand of small arms always in readiness.

The White Tower is the oldest portion of the pile, and although tradition ascribes this structure to Julius Cesar, there is no credible evidence to carry its erection further back than the age of the Conqueror. This tower is a lofty, square, massive, irregular building, and attracts the eye at once. The other towers and structures around were built at various periods by the British Kings, and have been added to from time to time. Indeed the tower continued to be occasionally used for a palace up to the time of the reign of Elizabeth. In the many visits with which London was convulsed in the old time, the tower was a convenient and safe refuge for the London and citizens in times of danger. In the many visits of its dead mother, half buried in a snow drift. The records at no city show that every year five or six, and sometimes more persons, perish from cold, exposure, or starvation. And this in the midst of a mighty population, surrounded by wealth and luxury, where every week from fifty pounds. Christian charity is preached. How little we really think of the miseries of our fellow-creatures exposed in the cities destination to which many are suffered to remain. Do you doubt the reality of the poverty in our midst? Go out into our suburbs, cross the rickety bale of the poor, stand by the sick bed or the icy hearth, watch the emaciated face of the father who has no work, hear the cries of famished children begging for bread, and if you can come unmoved, unless if you can return to your well-spread table and dancing grate without having given your mite to the sufferer, you have a heart harder than the nether millstone, more callous than death!

We keep it as often urged that deception is, in some cases, practised on benevolent individuals, and that alone thus had there way into the hands of persons totally unworthy of them. We have heard not a few urge this as a reason against giving to the poor. But should we witness the sufferings of real misery answered because impostors are ever ready to grow fat on our bounty? Never let such be our conduct. Better give now and then to unworthy persons, than shut our hands against all alms giving. But the true course is to seek out those really in want, and into the warmer out beauty in fruitful places. To effect this, those who have the means should not struggle to visit personally the dwellings of the poor; while those who cannot find leisure for this good work should rest be ready with their mite, where alone worthy of their bounty, are brought before them. To this persons the Union Benevolent Association is a vehicle for dispensing their offerings beyond all price. The Institution is now of several years standing, and the good it has done is undeniable. Are its patrons weak for the work of the ensuing winter?

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Spurr's Historical Lectures.

The lectures on American History, now being delivered in New York, by Jared Sparks, Esq. the indefatigable historian of Washington, are highly interesting. We greatly fear the audience, are said to be *deeply* interesting. Many more facts are stated by each lecturer. Volume 10 of Sparks' Washington and Revolutionary Letters, connected with the appointment of Washington as Commander-in-Chief, Mr. Sparks said,

On the 15th of June, George Washington was unanimously chosen by ballot as Commander-in-Chief of the Army, and on the 16th of June, 1775, Congress appointed four Major Generals and five Brigadiers. The Major Generals were Warren, Lee, Schuyler, and Putnam. Mr. Sparks here made some remarks upon what he considered the unjust attacks that had been recently made upon the memory of Gen. Lee, and paid a just and eloquent tribute to his character as a brave and chivalrous soldier. The Brigadiers were Gates, of Virginia, Montgomery of New York, Heath of Massachusetts, Sullivan of New Hampshire, and Greene of Rhode Island. Next to Washington, the lecturer considered Gen. Greene the first of all the officers of the Revolution. History, he said had raised him high, but it had done him but partial justice.

The whole number of Major Generals appointed during the war, was 19—of Brigadiers 75. Of these, 6 were natives of Great Britain, 8 of France, 5 of Germany and other foreign countries, and the remainder of America. All the General officers were appointed by resolution of the governor's house. Near the Tower is the *Bloody Tower*, in which Edward the 5th and his brother are said to have been smothered, by order of Richard the 3d, in 1483. The principal entrance is by the White Tower, the Church of St. Peter, Old Mint, Record Office, Horse Armory, the Grand Storehouse, in which is the Jewel Office, and the Small Armory, erected from 500,000 to 150,000 stand of small arms always in readiness.

The White Tower is the oldest portion of the pile, and although tradition ascribes this structure to Julius Cesar, there is no credible evidence to carry its erection further back than the age of the Conqueror. This tower is a lofty, square, massive, irregular building, and attracts the eye at once. The other towers and structures around were built at various periods by the British Kings, and have been added to from time to time. Indeed the tower continued to be occasionally used for a palace up to the time of the reign of Elizabeth. In the many visits with which London was convulsed in the old time, the tower was a convenient and safe refuge for the London and citizens in times of danger. In the many visits of its dead mother, half buried in a snow drift. The records at no city show that every year five or six, and sometimes more persons, perish from cold, exposure, or starvation. And this in the midst of a mighty population, surrounded by wealth and luxury, where every week from fifty pounds. Christian charity is preached. How little we really think of the miseries of our fellow-creatures exposed in the cities destination to which many are suffered to remain. Do you doubt the reality of the poverty in our midst? Go out into our suburbs, cross the rickety bale of the poor, stand by the sick bed or the icy hearth, watch the emaciated face of the father who has no work, hear the cries of famished children begging for bread, and if you can come unmoved, unless if you can return to your well-spread table and dancing grate without having given your mite to the sufferer, you have a heart harder than the nether millstone, more callous than death!

We keep it as often urged that deception is, in some cases, practised on benevolent individuals, and that alone thus had there way into the hands of persons totally unworthy of them. We have heard not a few urge this as a reason against giving to the poor. But should we witness the sufferings of real misery answered because impostors are ever ready to grow fat on our bounty? Never let such be our conduct. Better give now and then to unworthy persons, than shut our hands against all alms giving. But the true course is to seek out those really in want, and into the warmer out beauty in fruitful places. To effect this, those who have the means should not struggle to visit personally the dwellings of the poor; while those who cannot find leisure for this good work should rest be ready with their mite, where alone worthy of their bounty, are brought before them. To this persons the Union Benevolent Association is a vehicle for dispensing their offerings beyond all price. The Institution is now of several years standing, and the good it has done is undeniable. Are its patrons weak for the work of the ensuing winter?

But whether in Philadelphia or in other cities, whether in town or out of it, we hope that the poor will not be forgotten, and that when the season comes bowl around it we may all of us enter heartily into the consciousness of having given according to our means.

Irregularity of the Mails.

We are constantly in the receipt of complaints from subscribers respecting the irregularity with which they receive their papers. So far as we are concerned we can say that every subscriber has his paper regularly and promptly mailed to him, and that if there is any non-carriage the fault lies in the irregularity of the mails. Indeed this evil has grown so enormous that complaints constantly reach us from all quarters respecting it. Where the fault lies, however, it is impossible to tell. We are satisfied that the Post Office in this place regularly discharges its duty—we are proud, moreover, to bear testimony to the solicitude of its officers. But that less attention is paid in other places to the regular forwarding of newspapers, we have ample reason to believe. Only a month ago, we could specify the particular routes where the system. Bundles of papers have been broken more than once, rifled of part of their contents, and then sent on. In other cases the papers are detained until they become stale, and finally reach their owners a week after the time, soiled, torn, and then defaced. Shall these things be borne?

Trial of Mitchell.

This notorious individual, the late member of Congress, was put on his trial at New York, last Saturday. The charge is that he forged the name of an endorser under a temporary insanity. His mother and sister were produced to give evidence that proved the forgery to be the work of a vague and inexplicable. What motive have the agents endured by these two females! His sister swore that on the 5th, Gen. Charles Ogden, of Philadelphia county, was a witness in the case, and testified as follows:—

Mr. Naylor stated that he had known the accused since 1837, in Congress, and had known him since. He stated that for several years past he had noticed an opinion that his mind was not sound, and more particularly in the latter part of the session of Congress. He had given advice to Mr. Connelly, of the County of Philadelphia, in 1837, who gave the Hon. Charles Ogden C. Mitchell. I asked him if he knew Mitchell; he said he did. I told him that I thought him a wild and unsteady man; that he had been a witness before me once or twice, and that if he loaned him the money, he would never be returned. He gave me the money, and I gave it to Mitchell. During the last session of Congress Mitchell acted very strangely, could not fix his attention on any subject. He appointed to be incapable of writing for or understanding an answer to his own questions, and before he could receive an answer, he would start off suddenly, go away and not return. The conclusion of this witness was, that at times, *he was not of sane mind*.

The evidence closed on Monday, when the case was summed up by the counsel.

On Tuesday, 22d inst. the case was given to the jury, who, after being out about two hours, brought in a verdict of guilty. His counsel have filed exceptions to the verdict.

Shoe Statistics.

We have gleaned some interesting facts from the Boston Atlas, respecting the number of boots and shoes imported from England into Boston. In 1836 the number of boots entered from France was 16,618 pairs, besides 1,000 cases. Morocco boots have made their appearance to a new hundred per cent, in eight years; and the custom is daily becoming more common, for gentlemen to send for their measures, and have their boots made by some fancier. Owing to this, Fate's boots are now as well known in New York and Boston as in Paris. Of ladies' shoes, the quantity imported last year was 74,661 pairs, which is an increase of more than five hundred per cent. since 1829. Friday and Monday, for the Boston Market." Alas poor Turkey! It makes our very mouths water to think of them.

Harrisburg's Temperance Concession.

The friends of the cause of temperance must remember that at the meeting of the State Temperance Convention in January last, the following resolution was passed by a unanimous vote:

Resolved, That it be recommended to the Temperance Societies of Pennsylvania, to appoint delegates to meet in Convention at Harrisburg, on the first Tuesday in the second Wednesday of January, 1847."

The time for the election of delegates is rapidly approaching, and we call attention to the subject lest some might forget it. The cause of Temperance is a noble one, and it is a pity that having put his hand to the plough should turn back."

Revenue in India.

According to a late return in the House of Commons, the expenditure of the government of India, for the year 1835-36, the former charges of Government greatly exceed the income, and that the excess is annually increasing. The average of the last seven years, which is from 1829-36, the former was £14,239,816, and the latter £13,176,986. The public debt of the various governments under the control of the East India Company, on the 1st of May, 1836, was £30,000,000. The public debt of the various governments under the control of the East India Company, on the 1st of May, 1836, was £30,000,000. The public debt of the various governments under the control of the East India Company, on the 1st of May, 1836, was £30,000,000.

Important Decision.

At the late session of the Supreme Court of Norfolk county, Va. Judge Baker decided that an oiler could not be legally enlisted on the array of the United States. The question arose on the motion of Mr. Mallory, of Fanning, of Fort Monroe, requesting him to produce the body of George Cottingham, or show cause to the contrary. It was proved that he had been in the employ of Mallory and Fanning, and that they instructed that some of their men should enlist him in the army, and on a few minutes the whole of the officers turned out.

The frames in a few minutes began to burst forth from the windows of the Royal Theatre, and the flames spread. But the contest the drama beat the storm, the whole of the audience, with the performers, rushed to the doors, and out of their quarters in all directions, many in a state of night dress.

Within a few minutes of the storm being given the Duke of Cumberland arrived at the theatre. The fire engines commenced on the spot, and under the direction of the Duke of Cumberland, the soldiers were ordered to attack the crisis in various parts of the town, and proceeded to the scene of the conflagration. The fire was soon extinguished, it was impossible to save an adequate idea of the splendor, gorgeous equipage of the Royal Box. The first outbreak of the fire took place at half past ten o'clock, and by half past eleven the whole of the interior of the theatre near the Israel Office was attacked to what appeared to be a glowing furnace. At half past 12 o'clock, or rapids of the Royal Tower. In the first instance, the fire was discovered in the roof of the theatre, and it became stronger, and being continued that some of the soldiers were wounded by falling from the roof, and on a few minutes the whole of the officers turned out.

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Foreign News.

Arrival of the Caledonia.

Twelve days later from Europe.

The steamship Caledonia, which left Liverpool on the 6th inst. arrived at Boston on Thursday evening the 10th inst, at five o'clock, making the passage in fourteen days a period unprecedented during the year, of unusually short. The intelligence is from the 2d and from Liverpool to the 6th inst. The most important item of intelligence is the fact that the Corn Act is repealed in England, and the destruction by fire of a portion of the London Tower called the Armory Hall. The latter event was not unexpected, as the Tower in the continent is of little note. The French, however, display some angry feeling toward us on account of the late tariff law, which, as will be remembered, materially affects the importation of their manufactures into the United States.

We notice among smaller items, that O'Connell has been elected Mayor of Dublin.

The Grand Cause.

The anxiety to learn the result of McLeod's trial was so great that on the arrival of the Acadia at Liverpool the purchased was telegraphed to London. The jury, on acquittal, and of the surrender of Grogan instantly caused a rise in the funds, which, as well as the trade, is looking toward this country.

The full account of McLeod's trial, from the American papers, is published in most of the journals. The Chronicle (Whig) announcing the result, says:

"The result of this trial might have been easily anticipated from the proceedings. The first day was occupied and continued upon in the Ohnondo last week. In the manner, however, in which the examination had been conducted is highly creditable to the character of the judicial tribunals. We have first time in our memory affecting an American subject in England, and trifling as some of our readers may think it, we have long been of opinion that the Americans would be pleased with the manner in which they did at Utica."

The London Times has a long article on this subject, from which we extract the following:

"Then, if any sensible portion of the British public ever conceived that the conduct of our ministers in relations with America depended upon the sense of McLeod's acquittal, or conviction, which that event would be considered at an end. But although we paper is now in the hands of the French and Americans both, We, for our part, are fully convinced of the impolicy of the late tariff. We have always been opposed to the principle of protection. We look upon it as a false principle, and one that keeps the prosperity of a country down more than any thing else. His Castle of Indolence is a fabulous extravagance, if we may use the phrase, and just such a book as only the author could write.

Walpole was, perhaps, the restorer of the taste for Gothic architecture, although his "toy-shop," as he humorously calls it, at Strawberry Hill, is not remarkable for elegance. It was, however, a fair representation of the Gothic architecture, which has since been revived with so much success in modern private. He left the House of Commons to set up a private printing press. He wrote a book on Strawberry Hill with the anticipation of its publication—the first page for the purpose—and the second, the whole impression being destroyed by the printer's drawing room

SATURDAY POST.

Terms of Subscription, &c.

$5 per annum—$2 if paid in advance; $2.50 in advance or six months.

Postmasters are requested to fund their letters addressed to us. The word "free" of itself is not a frank.

No one will consider us unreasonable in this matter.

Letter letter, it will be taken from the Post office unless the postage is paid.

Papers discontinued only at the end of the current half year—other notification by them will be at the option of the Publisher if arrearages be due.

Small Bank Notes, of solvent Banks received in payment for our debts.

Agents will be extensively solicited to make quick remittances, as we find it a difficult to keep accounts current. They would oblige quite a mass and time paid for.

Any person forwarding Ten Dollars current, free of postage, in advance, will be entitled to an extra copy.

Remittances must in no case be made in *unsealed letters*, as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

Financial Record.

Sales of Stocks.

By the Philadelphia Board of Brokers, for the week ending Thursday

		Price sold for.
160	shares Reading R. R.	39⅛@39⅜
230	do do	39@39⅛
70	do United States Bank	6⅝
50	do Lehigh Coal & Nav. Co.	15⅝@15⅞
60	do Lehigh Bank, First	10@11
50	do Lehigh Bank, Second	10@10
50	do Farmers & Mechanics Bank	10@10
71	do Philadelphia Bank	60
50	do Schuylkill Navigation Co.	40@41
15	do Northern Bank	42
1	do Girard Bank	87½@87¾
50	do Southern Insurance Co	9
50	do Commercial Bank	10
1	do Lehigh Coal & Nav. Co.	15⅞
5	do Ladies Coal & Navigation Co.	14
1	do Bank of Penn Township	100.317
$200	United States Bank Notes	64

NEW JERSEY.—The Boston Post having put New Jersey down as indebted nearly one million of dollars, the State Gazette contradicts this, asserting that the State is but only out of debt, but has a Permanent Fund of $129 000, beside a School Fund of $250,000. The Surplus Revenue, which had been given to the States, and passed à Dr. Trust C. Alden's gift, whom his father had appointed to be the agent to distribute the money to the road and shot young Parkes in the back—eleven buckshot entered his back and head, and he died soon after his escape. One thousand dollars reward are offered for the murderer. Two of Mr. Alden's sons are dead.

From a letter received by a citizen, we take the following account of the murder of a man by the name of Kerr and killed on the Eleventh point river, on Saturday last supposed to have been a way-laid.

A Shocking Accident.—A few evenings since, a shocking accident occurred at Norfolk. A cow had been in the habit of swimming from the opposite side of the river to the town boat was making its last trip, was forced to the shore, and the cow, startled, when the boat struck Princess Anne, attempting to get on board the steamboat, was struck by the guard and thrown overboard. Help was soon obtained, and a rush ensued, which soon compelled the hands to cut the guard of the boat away sufficiently to allow the cow to be taken off on Wednesday, though the poor beast remained in the water for a considerable time before she could be extricated.

Appointment.—The Rev. Wm. G. Jackson, Rector of Hougar's Parish, Virginia, has been appointed a Chaplain to the U. S. Navy.

The Wood to Live.—The American Bible Society has circulated 13,000 Bibles during the last month.

Fire at Quebec and Loss of Life.—We regret to have seen the Quebec Mercury of the 14th inst. of a most disastrous occurrence which took place on Saturday last, at St. Pierre, Charlesburg. A farmer of that parish of the name of Parbet, went out on Saturday, leaving his wife at home in charge of their two children, one of them an infant in the cradle, and the other about five years of age. Another was occupied until some work in an outhouse, and during her absence there, the building took fire, and the house was set on fire. The children, distressing to relate, perished in the flames, in which also the house was burned to the ground, with all its contents. It is supposed that the eldest child must have taken the calamity by setting fire to some thing was to the house.

Charleston Branch Railroad.—The continuation of this road from the point where it joins with the Lowell Railroad at East Cambridge to the Fresh Ponds of Cambridge, a distance of about three miles, is now about completed, and we were told that the cars would probably be started on it next week. The storm may possibly delay the work a day or two, but extensive quantities of ice will be transported over this road during the approaching winter season. Some new and large switch-houses are in progress at the Ponds for storing ice for summer transportation. Messrs. Barnard, Sumner & Gage are erecting four ice-houses, 50 by 400 feet each.

At Wilmington, N. Carolina Monday morning, between 1 and 2 o'clock, Mr. Chancellor of last Monday, just before sun-rise a fire broke out in the extensive Turpentine Distillery on the west side of the river, owned by the town, belonging to B. Hallett, Dickinson & Co., and Mr. Jones. The whole establishment was destroyed, including a quantity of spirits of turpentine, raw turpentine, resin, &c. The estimated loss is about four thousand dollars.

Mr. Dawson, the engineer, *air old wooden building!* is situated within 140 yards of where the fire occurred—a most dangerous proximity.

Cruiser Collection.—The New York Express of Wednesday says, that the packet ship Hendrick Hudson, Capt. Morgan, which sailed for Liverpool on Tuesday, with the magnificent Chinese Collection, which has been exhibited in the Chinese Museum in this city for years, and which he gave to London with to exhibit under the patronage of the Queen, and which is owned by the Lords of the Admiralty to pass duty free. It will be exhibited in Hyde Park, London. What it cost is not a one of the greatest inventions of the age."

Remarkable Phenomenon.

The Baltimore Sun has been favored with a communication from a highly respectable gentleman residing in the country, a clergyman-clergyman, respectfulness personage, who states that he was awakened by the storm of last night, by the unusual appearance of the heavens, which he had never before witnessed. He says that the whole sky was literally covered with meteors, which appeared to be of the size of a common sky-rocket, and moved with great velocity, in a direction from the north-west to the south-east. The whole appearance was that of a shower of fire, and the phenomenon continued for the space of an hour, when the meteors gradually disappeared, and the sky resumed its usual appearance. All sorts of conjectures have been made as to the cause of this phenomenon, but we have not heard any particular theory advanced. The Chamber of Peers must chiefly, in this country, be considered as a mere matter of form. The connexion between the Committees for Electoral Reform and the Revolutionary machinations. The Chamber voted for accusing the Government of laboring to accustom the people to the idea of a change of dynasty, to be effected by the jury. A short time before, the same journal, as I have hereunder related to you, was deprived of its brother jury, when arraigned for pronouncing the verdict of guilty on a publication of a libel of imputing cowards, and traitors, holding power.

Tornado.

The New Orleans Bulletin says a tornado passed over the parish of Madison on Monday the 31st inst. It did considerable damage—prostrating houses, gins, fences, &c. Several negroes in the way were severely injured, one of whom died in Vicksburg about 8 o'clock in the evening.

Our Mail Receipts.

We are daily in the receipt of letters enclosing money with the request to return a receipt by mail. We do not send receipts in that way. Every dollar received by mail, for the Post, is acknowledged as below. Subscribers will please notice this.

The business doing in the vicinity of a Post Master can call upon him and have their letters containing money *forwarded* at once. It is nothing but what relates to the business of the office. Many business men might be saved an, if attention was generally paid to this matter.

Receipts for the S. L. Post from the 11th to the 24th Nov.

November 11, received from

J. S. Gockhall	2 00	J. Mc Cooper	2 50
C. Robbins	1 00	J. M. Cooper	2 50
A. Chapman	1 00	P. Wills	1 00
C. H. Sawyer	1 00	H. Church	2 50
J. J. Lemaker	1 00	J. Crenshaw	2 00
Maj. Crenshaw	2 00	J. Shelton	2 00
C. Leith	2 00	J. H. Carter	2 00
J. W. Perry	2 00	J. Perry	2 00
F. Tiernan	1 00	T. E. Berry	2 00
J. Hume	1 00	J. Banks	1 00
H. J. Sevar, Esq.	10 00	J. Kime	1 00
J. Kime	1 00		

November 12.

S. W. Kerr	2 00	R. Rutland,	2 00
W. S. Hall	1 00	J. Hall	2 00
F. Miles	2 00	W. J. Ford	2 00
W. Lake	1 00	J. W. Hendrickson-Esq.	10 00
Jos. Snell	1 00	J. Sweeten,	2 00
J. Wm. Hall	2 00	Wm. Howell	1 00
E. W. Bateman	1 00		

November 13

Q. Palmer	5 00	Saml. Lester, Esq.	10 00
J. Bell	1 00	W. Hall	1 00
E. Nicholson	1 00	V. M. B. Ward	1 00
C. Worthington	1 00	E. L. Lytle	1 00
C. Worthington	1 00	W. Cain	1 00
Mary Conard	2 00	J. H. Allen, agt.	20 00
J. E. Black	1 00	P. Wills	1 00
T. Moore	1 00	J. Goodhart,	1 00
T. Walker	1 00	J. T. Poor, Esq.	1 00
W. Bailey	1 00	W. Bailey	1 00
Jos. Gallagher	1 00	Jos. Gallagher	1 00
J. T. Green	2 00	W. McDaniel	2 00
Col. W. Connell	1 00	Col. W. Connell	1 00
G. Paul	3 00	B. Marshall	2 00
A. L. Hughes	6 00	M. Gillpillie	7 00
J. Hall	2 00		

November 14.

R. Marshall, Esq.	5 00		
R. Shore,	5 00	J. K. Cockerell,	2 00
J. J. Jones,	1 00	J. Jones,	1 00
J. Smith,	1 00	J. Halstead, Esq.	10 00
J. F. Mercer,	1 00	J. F. Mercer,	1 00
L. M. Buzard, Esq.	10 00	A. C. Hunt,	5 00
C. R. Clark,	1 00	W. H. Brown,	1 00
G. Snell,	1 00	J. Hall,	1 00
A. E. Jack,	1 00	J. P. Hone,	1 00
J. M. Bell,	1 00	J. Wright,	1 00
R. Byrne,	1 00	Robt. Phillips,	1 00
J. Hill,	1 00	J. Walker,	1 00
J. M. Aiex. Esq.	17 00	H. Otis,	5 00
J. Hall,	1 00	Mr. McCullough,	1 00
C. J. Biddle,	2 00	W. Henderson,	2 00
G. W. Carnes,	1 00	J. Moody,	1 00
A. Billings, agt.	50 00	G. Simpson,	5 00
J. W. Tucker, Esq.	12 75	H. Boyer,	1 00
J. Hall,	1 00	J. North,	1 00
J. W. Emmerson	5 00		

November 16.

C. Towner,	2 00	Lewis Smith,	2 00
J. Wade,	1 00	J. G. Stringfellow,	1 00
W. J. Spare,	5 00	Wm. H. Kobert, Esq.	14 00
J. Hall,	1 00	Wm. Hall, Esq.	20 00
R. G. Parsons, Esq.	10 00	J. Parsons,	2 00
N. Riley, Esq.	10 00	J. Beechnell,	2 00
J. Cullen,	1 00	Mr. Paul, Esq.	10 00
Edw. Bowie,	5 00	L. H. Mason,	2 00
R. Arnold,	1 00	L. Burns,	1 00
R. Prior, Esq.	10 00	Thompson Camp,	1 00
J. Hamilton,	1 00	Mr. Hamilton,	1 00
J. Lattrde, Esq.	20 00	J. F. Allison,	5 00
J. Conley,	1 00	J. M. Mims, Esq.	11 00
Wm. B. Garrett,	2 00		

November 17.

P. J. Dick, Esq.	10 00	Jas. Farmer,	1 00
Wm. Walker,	2 00	H. Parke	2 00
Wm. Walker,	2 00	Wm. Walker,	2 00
E. C. Lord,	2 00	Wm. Sharp,	2 00
A. Metcalf, Esq.	10 00	M. Faist, Esq.	10 00
C. M. Mauli,	1 00	M. Lewis, Esq.	10 00
C. M. Mauli,	1 00	J. Richards,	4 00
C. C. Talbot,	2 00	J. Richards,	4 00
Maj. Crenshaw,	12 00	Joel Sequire,	1 00
J. P. Fisher,	2 00	Wm. Sequire,	1 00
J. P. Fisher,	2 00	Wm. T. Wilson,	2 00
J. P. Lewis,	2 00	Wm. Bowie,	2 00
J. P. Lewis,	2 00	Fred. Ecker,	1 00
J. F. Chatham,	1 00	J. Campbell,	1 00

November 18.

C. Charles,	1 00	W. S. Lyle,	2 00
A. Brandon,	1 00	J. Hall,	1 00
L. Condrey,	2 00	D. Berkey,	6 00
E. B. Worth,	2 00	E. L. Thomas,	2 00
J. Stuart,	2 00	J. R. Morton, Esq.	10 00
J. Stuart,	2 00	J. M. Mims, Esq.	10 00
G. J. Dunne, Esq.	10 00	A. J. Price, Esq.	25 00
J. Short,	2 00	J. Short,	2 00
H. Dick,	5 00	J. M. Joyner, Esq.	15 00
W. A. Pierce, agt.	30 00		

November 19.

J. W. Gore,	5 00	W. W. Rose,	2 00
J. Hall,	1 00	J. H. Wright,	1 00
D. G. Morgan,	2 00	J. Hall,	1 00
J. Bevan,	1 00	J. Elliott,	1 00
S. H. Steel,	2 00	J. Hair,	1 00
J. Hall,	1 00	J. Mitchell,	2 00
J. Hall,	1 00	H. Shoemaker,	2 00
T. M. Adams,	2 00		

November 20.

L. Lacy,	5 00	A. Morgan,	2 00
J. Hall,	1 00	J. Hall,	1 00
N. B. Begg,	2 00	W. Woodson,	2 00
J. Hall,	1 00	J. Hall,	1 00
J. T. Small,	2 00	J. Gibson,	1 00
H. R. Wells,	2 00	J. Hall,	1 00
Dud. Bell,	2 00	J. A. Rogers,	2 00
Dud. Bell,	2 00	J. Hall,	1 00
M. Gross,	2 00	J. Hall,	1 00
W. Tuttle,	4 00	J. Durel,	4 00
D. Lockwood,	1 00	J. Hall,	1 00
H. Holmes, Esq.	10 00	A. Reade,	4 00
L. D. Moore, Esq.	12 50	D. Strawn,	2 00
J. Hall,	1 00	J. Hall,	1 00
J. Hall,	1 00	J. Hall,	1 00
J. Hall,	1 00	J. M. James Esq.	20 00
D. J. Gill,	2 00	L. L. Nottnagel	1 00
Wm. C. Key,	2 00	J. Kennon, Sr.	2 00
J. L. Bowie,	2 00	J. Hall,	1 00
J. Vanderlip,	2 00	J. Hall,	1 00
N. Neale,	2 00	J. Hall,	1 00
J. L. Cole,	2 00	J. Hall,	1 00
J. Hall,	1 00	J. Hall,	1 00
J. Hall,	1 00	J. Hall,	1 00
J. Hall,	1

THE OLIO.

Variety's the spice of life.
The game is all the livelier.

Breakfast Cakes.

The hosts of New England may pride in their glory,
All thanksgivings and puddings, and such "*pumpkin pie*,"
And stand on the Bunker-hill mountain to show off
Of hub of home and endorse that wide their eye to
The west of the West may be little in boast of
Save their mountains and currants, cabbys and lake,
But each is very likely you will agree the more of
A slice of fly'd bacon, *and hot buckwheat cake!*

Oh hot buckwheat cakes! in a cold frosty morning
When smoking and light from the griddle they come,
Wah fresh nothing hotter their surface adorning,
Would stride of the power of an ogre-ine *home!*
And behold me, *it was*, by the favorite bright beaming
Where Beauty prepares what Industry performs
In honey and cream so deliciously re-ceiming,
A full plate of light, cooking hot buckwheat cakes!

Here right thanks hear on the fours of one's labor,
The offerings of *genius* and the *wonder* of hands!
To charm the each sort with a friend or a neighbor,
And to feel and to know that "*contentment* is wealth."
Like the man who prepar'd while the blossoms were blow-ing
And
Our store will enjoy with the summer flowers,
In the circles of our daughter the rose still adorning,
As I trust when preparing our hot buckwheat cakes!

Then, ye pale ones of fashion, no hot cakes and no cake
By Hominy, and Whitlock, and Somerville-ful,
None taste is your passion, for none good advice take.
And thus, round the board no steaming are spread,
And cream, nay not one to say that is wrong one.
But none as good cheer with the lads of the lakes,
Who 'll envy us great taste, or blind to no strong one.
While thus we shall have our hot buckwheat cakes!

ELECTION COMPLIMENT.—Two or three days previous to the late election, in Ireland, a landlord of considerable property and interest went over to his estate. He was one of the tenants during preceding years, and thus addressed him:—"Paddy, how do you do?" The man, unaccustomed to such a salutation, looked wildly round to see thom whence it came; and, being satisfied, and taking off his hat, he answered:—"Pretty well, sir, I thank you, I hope I see you well." The landlord, pursuing his conversation by asking, "What news have you, Paddy, in this part of the world?" We were thus familiar to-gether, sir, I have none, except that I think we shall have a election, or some such sort of thing." The landlord asked, "What makes you think so?" "Why, only because they never were nice boys I do, except at or about that time."

WESTERN GENIUS.—A Hoosier lover of buckwheats, tests his "*Susquehanna*" at home in the following poetical effusion:

Farewell, dear girl, farewell, farewell!
I never shall love another,
For soon and sooner you may dwell
And I'll go home to mother

Oh! Cupid! Cupid! don't you know
You ought to have a bow
For plaguing little children so,
Your eyes are those sticks

You ought to fire at bigger game.
Old bachelors of forty,
Oh leave the babies! for shame!
You know you hand ist sorry

LORD KENYON'S PARSIMONY.—Lord Kenyon was never cured of the extreme original Welsh economy, and he often sat in the king's bench court in a position which made the bottom of his shoes visible to the bar, and his knees and fingers ends stood the under leather to be often repaired. This eccentricity was so notorious, and a standing joke prevailed among the attorneys, and when any one of them had occasion to move for an *instalment* in a *not* process or pleadings, he was always advised to move for it before Lord Kenyon, in preference to any other judge, "for he never could refuse an *instalment* for the want of him." The salary of the chief justice of England is now 50,000 dollars, (£10,000,) about double that of the *President of the United States.*

THE EASIEST CURE FOR INTEMPERANCE.—We have seldom met with a more striking instance of the union of complacency and wisdom, for which Quakers are remarkable, than the following. A man addicted to habits of intoxication, was suffering the usual miserable consequences, and in a moment of repentance, said, he would give anything to cure himself. "*It is as easy as to open those hands!*" said a Quaker. "Convince me of that," replied the inebriate, "and I will persevere in the experiment. When thou takest the tongueing glass into thine hand," replied the Friend, "and hast filled the liquor to the lips, *open those hands*, and keep it open, and thou will be cured."

THE DISTRACTION.—Here is one of the neatest natural expletives in the language.—Imagine, if you please, a semi-civilized man and woman, meeting for a talk with the last Indian-ville mixed in her hand, and her hand collecting as a pin-cushion, and before her, prostrate on his narrow bosom, a perforated vessel of tobacco, with eyes contemplated in agony volume, although one of any these had the presence—

My thirsten! I would not for the
If thou would'st not cast me me.
Thou hast stuck eyed eel.
I never want to die again!

ADVICE TO YOUNG LADIES.—Never marry a man because he is handsome, he will think too much of his own beauty to take pride in yours.

Never marry a very intimate he has wealth; the rebate take to themselves wings and fly away.

Never marry a man for his parentage, for a rotted root will often have a bad calf."

MARRY a man for his good sense, amiable temper, his sound morals, his habits of industry and economy, and you will then have a good husband, and your children will have a good father.

A QUEER REASON.—I say, Pete, you didn't win that last race you take, was anything the matter with your horse?

"Don't you know the reason?"

"No."

"Why the bet that rode the other horse put one of Peting Widow's drams of whiskey on my horse's tail, and if dem him back no I could sit still!"

ORIGIN OF THE WORD DUN.—The word *dun* was first used during the reign of Henry VII. It owes its birth to Joe Dunn, an English bailiff, who was so unfortunate as to be of the unfeeling order, that if he became a prisoner, when a person did not pay his debts, "What don't you Dunn him?" was it. "Why don't you send Dunn after him?" Hence originated the word, which is in universal use.

Beautiful Sentiment.

All beauty take wise God bestows
And like the sun fair flowers,
Is not confined to rank or clime
For pearls lead in shells are.

PUTTING HIM IN A DILEMMA.—An old lady the other day, brought her husband before a magistrate on a charge of heresy. The poor man meekly said—"I have been longer with her for five and thirty long years. I am heartily sorry I ever married her!" Yes, John," replied his wife, "and I'll make you sorry you ever married my half, else, before I 've done with you."

WONDERFUL PROSPERITY.—A Texas editor speaking of the tremendous success of his paper, says—During the past two months three new subscribers have been added to our list, and we have received one paper, of whatever for inserting a couple of marriage notices.

VOCAL EFFECT.—If Noble would only throw on an air on cornet, and Flanders, the other day, on a small party, the manor in the saloon would be worth the price of adding more to the entertainment, replied a punster. "The high manner are thrown in by the variable."

A YOUNG IDEA.—The following was chalked on a cell door of a little urchin, about nine years old, who was confined for stealing ginger pop —

Hen wot pops wot is let hon
When he is comfit wont go to pace

HOPE.—An English paper says "*the happiest* has gone—not mentioned in the neighborhood of Canterbury and Maidstone." What a pensive fear John Bull must have—manner are the dog don't ever than he wont begin with his master.

INSTANT JEST.—Pomp, what's a lazy oh-lubber?—Well, de last one I see was a man dat looked on a job fellers what use dem on a cend time to find out wonder he is dead for to get out any playing pronoun.

DEFENCE.—Stubbins.—A Cornet once hired onto a fleet of fishing smacks, he had learned the embouchure of his instrument, exclusively. I did not think I had suffered so much! I heard it then for all!

SOMETHING NEW.—Bell.—The following announcement appears in a sing window:—Wanted, an *easy* gentleman who will be troubled as one of the family.

FLOWERS OF A LADY.—Pickle says that the poet helps must have been lately out as the Farm school for ever there who have been for two *I*—*be* proud.

Epitaph.

Here lies a man of not an honest man
Heaven would wonder for no one was then

CHAIR THE OF MAN.—Why is the chief end of man?" asked the Schoolmaster. "The end we gets our before us," blubbered an urchin.

RELIGIOUS TRUE.—The shabby man owns his challenge a year, at the foot of fifty pounds' worth of daughter.

GOOD ANSWER.—Always laugh at a rich uncle's jokes—it pays sometimes.

ENGLAND A POOR HORSE.—The Rev. Mr. Giles, a Baptist Minister of Liverpool, addressed a meeting in Manchester, on the corn laws, concluded his speech with the following new version of a part of the National Anthem:

O Lord our God, arise
Scatter our enemies,
And corn laws cause
Confound each parties,
On those our hopes we fix;
God save the poor!

The latter clause, with its course of the same speech said "the corn laws were anti-philanthropic and anti-christian." Charles Dickens—"But I was his point, and he Mr. Giles) said to him, a days ago, "What the world thinks of you cannot interest you, you have no time to spare." "No," he replied, "I never entered a poor house." "Nor," he added, "I never entered a poor house in any life; but England is, throughout, a poor house."

A ROBINSON CRUSOE.—Sir Thomas Robinson was a tall, smooth man, and his stature was rendered still more striking by his hunting-dress which consisted of a postilion's cap, a tight green jacket and buckskin breeches. He was liable to sudden whims; and once set off on a sudden, in his travelling carriage, for Paris, where he duly arrived and settled at Paris. He arrived there while there was a large company at dinner. The servant announced *Sir Robinson*, and he came in, to the great amusement of the company. Among others a French abbe three lifted his fork to his mouth and threw half it down, with an expression of surprise. Unable to restrain his merriment, he burst out with, "Excuse me, sir. Are you the famous Robinson Crusoe, that everybody talks of?"

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Juvenile Department.

Poetic Charades.—No. IV.

My first is a verb,
That means a short sigh,
My next is a measure
As a mason uses hence,
My third is a verb
That means to be seen,
My whole is a glorious knave—
Which is it?

My second ever wet,
Only gained or the sun—
Full often, my first is,
Upon its way to run—
My whole is a river
Which flows through a city,
And there have they used
Its waters for many years.

My first is for compound
A number, standing dower
My second is a part
Of the world—
My whole is a name
Of a celebrated general

Enigma.

I have a sister tall and fair,
My 1, 2 and 3 is the name of a famous but nuisance to us.

My 6, 8, 7 and 9 is the name of a small rock in Saco Bay.

My 4, 5, 6 and 7 is the name of a peculiar kind of

My 8, 5 and 10 is the name of a metal.

My 2, 3, 4 and 5 is the name of a thing much used by

My 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 is an article worn by the Indians

My 1, 2, 3 and 4 is a part of the body sometimes by consumptives.

My 3, 4 and 5 is a weight.

My 1, 2 and 3 is a measure.

My whole is the name of a celebrated general

By Louis Napoleon.

A Good Rebuke.

The Pittsburgh Gazette says: "A very good story and we dare say quite a true one. Thomas Judge is who figures in it, and we know him well, but on some points he is certainly at war to Judge.

Judge Bonnett had agreed to solemnize several by marrying his daughters to a blacksmith. He was to perform the ceremony at precisely 12 o'clock, but he was somewhat behind with his watch, and was somewhat haughty in his manner. The blacksmith, who had been waiting for some time, and was getting impatient, sent word to the Judge that if he did not come down and get through with the ceremony in time, he would not be married at all. The Judge, who was not to be trifled with, immediately descended, and proceeded to perform the ceremony, when the blacksmith interrupted him by saying, "Hold on, Judge, I have just concluded to marry my sister to a blacksmith."

"And pray who are you, sir—and who were your ancestors?"

"That, sir," replied the son, "I should expect to learn from you."

"O, sir, you shall be gratified—your grandfathers were clerk sextons"—and to the infinite enjoyment of the men, he answered him and the company with sentiments of these qualities as to.

Richardson's Characteristics.

The characteristics of Richardson's genius is certain prudence, which was yet watered by generosity, and a tenderness of feeling, that, perhaps, was subdued by an austere manner. The character was a kind of *Quaker*, with a mixture of the and unchristian-like mark affected by the circle of which he was the centre. "He lived in a kind of flesh-garden of *Satan*," when were to be seen like models and critics. He drew the characters of his visitors from the characters in one another, and subjected his writing to the judgment of that of his companions, whose "*fine*" taste he knew to appreciate them. Women, he thought—not always correctly—the best judges of female character. No person knew another reason for his being out, than he did himself. He would think of some absurd contradiction; but he has left out whether point, that our cellar really loved their servants in their own sake, and for sympathy. His own nature the sense that humanize, and like Marmontel, and Hogue, and Conger, he found the society of Tronchin wisdom most congenial to his mind. Wordsworth, in the presence of a man, living about for some in the society of his sister and wife, whose writings exhibit five or nineteen of the influence of female conversation. Authors, who have honestly enjoyed the domestic light of a wife, and the sweet love and children, have, in most cases, been apt to express their sincere gratification to their readers, and to their sympathy. Richardson has enjoyed this sentiment of *Thomas*, Among others a French abbe three lifted his fork to his mouth and threw half it down, with an expression of surprise. Unable to restrain his merriment, he burst out with, "Excuse me, sir. Are you the famous Robinson Crusoe, that everybody talks of?"

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Ladies Department.

From the Knickerbocker.

The Spirit-World.

It is related by an elegant writer, once greatly admired, but now *half out*, occasionally talked of and seldom *read in these days of the Christian*, that among the characters in one of his romances, among a certain tribe of our Indians, that one of their number, whose name I forget, was famous for the great *mystery of souls*, or as we call it, the other world; and that whenever he went down to pay a distant account of every thing he saw and heard, when he returned. He stated that after having travelled for a long space under a hollow mountain, he emerged at length on the confines of the world of spirits, but could not enter it by reason of a thick forest made up of bushes, brambles, and prickly thorns, and that the interwoven with one another, that it was impossible to find a passage through it. While he was looking about for some track or pathway, that might be worn in any part of it, he saw a huge lion crouched under the side of it, who kept his eye upon him in the same posture of watching that a cat does when she lies before a mouse's hole. Upon this he immediately started back, while the lion rose with a spring, and leaped toward him, though which obstruction of all other purpose, he stopped down to take up a large stone in his hand; but to his astonishment the animal on the ground, and immediately began to eat it, as if it had been a mouse. That there were several scarcely